

A WISH.

No let me hence as one
Whose part in the world has been dreamed of
and done—
One that hath fairly earned and spent,
In pride of heart and jubilation of blood,
Such wages, he they counted bad or good,
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pay,
And having earned and suffered and passed on,
Those gifts the arbiters preferred and gave,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the dim way,
Whereby many a mortal have gone
Into the silent universe of the grave.

Grateful for what hath been,
For what my hand hath done, mine eyes have
seen,
My heart been privileged to know:
With all my lips in love have brought
To lips that yearned in love to them and wrought
In the way of wrath and pity and sport and song—
Content, this miracle of being alive
Dwelling, that I, three weary of world and best,
May shed my dust and go
From right and wrong
And, ceasing to regret and long and strive,
Accept the part and be forever at rest.
—W. E. Henley in Long American Review.

THE OLD
BLUE JAR

Before Clementine went down to
Milltown for the summer she made up
her mind that she would bend all her
energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of
the old blue ginger jar that Uncle
Julius had brought home from China,
little thinking that the old slant eyed,
fat sided mandarin would take such a
jealous interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for
many years on the corner of the high
mantelpiece in the old fashioned coun-
try parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that
if she gave it to Clementine she would
have a dreadfully homesome feeling
every time she stood on a chair to dust
the old clock, the shells, the peddle
vases, the leather fans and other com-
pansions of its lofty abode. But Clementine
was an accomplished wheedler,
and the fond old aunt finally said she
might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to
Clementine her right and title to the
old blue jar, Randall was leaning be-
hind the window and slyly sifting rose leaves
from the old climbing vine through the
meshes of his tennis racket. He sym-
pathized with her lively admiration for
the antique and unique in china and
was glad that she had attained her
heart's desire, but a more absorbing in-
terest possessed his mainly breast.

Clementine was going home in the
morning, and he had been trying in
vain for several days to get the feeble
courage of his ardent convictions up
to the declarative point. She was such
a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you
know, is such intensely serious busi-
ness. Several times Randall fancied
he had found her in a sober and prop-
erly receptive frame of mind, when
with a trifling jest she would defeat
his intention and put the little god to
flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed
mandarin on the blue jar winked at
him through the vines, Randall said to
himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing!
Thank you for the bright idea! Are
they all as clever as you are over in
China?"

That night, in his room under the
eaves, he constructed an eloquent let-
ter to Clementine and in the early
morning sneaked into the parlor and
deposited it in the robust bosom of the
old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home,
it is all right," said the timorous, ad-
oring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it
until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny
that day, so when Clementine packed
her trunk he inspired her to stuff the
ginger jar full of her silken hose, that
the precious article might take no risks
of breakage in its voyage. So when
Randall parted from her at the station
she made no sign of knowing anything
in particular, and his hopeful heart de-
cided that she would surely find the
letter when she reached home, and he
would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who al-
ways had a great many things on her
mind, and when she had unpacked the
treasured jar and placed it on a dainty
table in her pretty parlor—with a self
congratulatory thought that it was so
respectable to have things that one's
relative had brought from China—she
wholly forgot the curious load that the
mandarin had on his breast. She missed
her silken hose, of course, and pestered
Aunt Phoebe with messages about
them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine,
Randall waited for the answer to his
letter. Awhile he waited patiently,
then impatiently awhile, and then
dived into his law books with that
"composure of settled distress" which
lovers have known in every age and
clime. He did not dream that the slant
eyed mandarin would be guilty of the
ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a
love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew
what he was about. He was not with-
out experience in these matters, and
he wanted to punish Clementine a
little and bring her to the proper con-
dition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situ-
ation with all the sobriety that was de-
sirable. She had suspected all sum-
mer that Randall had a tender feeling
for which she felt qualified to re-
spond, but she was a proud girl and
not by a feather's weight influ-
enced by the balance of his attentions.

Before behind her smiles she had
been a little wounded that he had
loved her to come home without hav-
ing given expression to his sentiments,
and she, too, now took on a sober
countenance and banished thought and
rest by joining several new clubs
and making membership in two or three
charitable organizations.

Before Christmas Randall one
experienced in his breast a sort of

imperative intuition—perhaps direct
from the slant eyed mandarin, who
knew?—that he might hear of some-
thing to his advantage if he should go
down to the city and call upon Clemen-
tine; so after some futile resistance to
the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clemen-
tine—that is, graciously enough for
a young man who had played the
trifler with her invisible affections—
and he seated himself in a cozy chair
near the pretty table which held his
old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a lit-
tle constraint being apparent on both
sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar,
and the slant eyed mandarin appeared
to wink at him three times very know-
ingly.

Under some occult but imperative
pressure Randall removed the lid and
touched with his finger the silken tex-
ture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him,
and he pulled from the bosom of the
now jubilant mandarin a pale blue ar-
ticle of singular description for a parlor
ornament, and, following it, he extri-
cated a pale pink strip of similar shape
and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explana-
tion of these unforeseen apparitions, he
found her speechless with wild eyed as-
tonishment, and without a word or
gesture she seized the old blue jar and
hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soft felt,
refreshing smile that he had indulged
in for several months and vowed by
the pigtail of the old slant eyed that he
would stay rooted to the spot until
Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the
jar as she flew up stairs with it only
the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall peered the parlor, pulling
his mustache and wondering if Clemen-
tine's keen sense of humor would carry
her safely through the trying hour, she
came shamefacedly into the room, bear-
ing in one hand the blinking old man-
darin and in the other the pleading let-
ter he had borne so long hid in his
clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than
half way, and as she whispered gently
on his shoulder he promised never,
never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you
believe me, that ridiculous old ginger
jar accompanied them on their wedding
trip, and Randall packed the bosom of
the grotesque mandarin full of Clemen-
tine's bridal roses, there to fade and
there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and
Clementine never told, the entire
responsibility of this revelation lies be-
tween you and me and the ginger jar.

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the sea monsters de-
vised by the modern shipwright, we
have not reached the dimensions of the
Mannigafual of Frisian legend, whose
masts were so high that a boy sent
aloft to "bear a hand" came down a
gray headed man, whose deck was so
spacious that the captain had to gallop
about on horseback to give his orders
and whose length was so great that
when swinging in the channel her stern
scrapped the cliffs of Albion white, while
her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais.

But we have exceeded in some re-
spects the dimensions of Ptolemy's
great ship, which was 420 feet long, 57
feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold
and which carried 4,000 rowers and
3,000 mariners, besides unnumbered
soldiers and passengers. Of the great
ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the di-
mensions have not been recorded, but
she was at least as large as Ptolemy's,
considering that her freightage was
"60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of
salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool
and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in ad-
dition to the provisions required by the
crew," and that she was so large no
harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This problem of harbor accommoda-
tion is one that is already troubling
the owners of modern steam monsters
and is placing a limit on their growth.
—Monthly Review.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression,
"God bless you!" uttered after some
one has sneezed. The expression, if
we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood
of the World," dates back to the time
of Jacob. We are told in Jewish lit-
erature that previous to his time men
sneezed but once in a lifetime and that
was the end of them, for the shock
slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer
and had the fatality set aside on the
condition that among all the nations a
sneeze should be hallowed by the
words, "God bless you!" In the "Jata-
ka," one of the books of the Buddhist
Scriptures, we read that the expres-
sion was, "May the blessed Lord al-
low you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while
preaching to his disciples happened to
sneeze. The priests gave vent to the
exclamation, and Buddha lectured them
for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked,
"and you say, 'May he live!' will he
live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die
any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time
forth if any one sneeze and a priest
says, 'May you live!' he shall be guilty
of a transgression."

If Men Only Would.

If the young men who are measuring
tape and laces would surrender their
work to the young girls who are seek-
ing employment and turn their atten-
tion to the pursuits of agriculture, there
would be less misery and more con-
tinent in the land; there would be
more independence and less servility;
more men and fewer creatures; more
happy wives with comfortable homes,
healthful children and cheerful tem-
pers. —Southern Farm Magazine.

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR

THE RED MAN TAUGHT THE WHITE
MAN TO MAKE THE DAINTY.

Its Manufacture Was Practiced by
All Northern Indians and Was
Known to Those Living as Far
South as Florida and Texas.

Very few of the people to whom map-
le sugar is an entirely familiar and
commonplace thing are aware of the
fact that the method of making sugar
was taught to the white people by the
Indians and that they made sugar long
before the discovery of America. This
is only one of the many things that the
white people learned from the Indians.
Others were the weaving of cotton, the
cultivation of Indian corn and the use
of tobacco.

Some of the early writers tell us that
the French were the first to make this
sugar and that they learned how to
make it from the Indian women. The
sugar was collected in a rude way, a gash
being cut in the tree, and into this a
stick was thrust, down which the free-
ly flowing sap dripped into a vessel of
birch bark or a gourd or into wooden
troughs hollowed out by fire or the ax.
Then into larger wooden troughs full
of the sap red-hot stones were thrown,
just as in old times they used to be
thrown into the water in which food
was boiled, and by constantly throwing
in hot stones and taking out those that
had become cool the sap was boiled
and evaporated, and at length sirup
was made, which later became sugar.

This manufacture of the sugar was
not confined to any one tribe, but was
practiced by all northern Indians and
was known to those living as far south
as Florida and Texas. Among the
sugar making tribes a special festival
was held, which was called the maple
dance, which was undoubtedly a re-
ligious festival in the nature of a
prayer or propitiatory ceremony, ask-
ing for an abundant flow of sap and
for good fortune in collecting it.

Among many if not all the Indians
inhabiting the northern United States
maple sugar was not merely a luxury,
something eaten because it was tooth-
some, but was actually an important
part of their support. Mixed with
pounded, parched corn it was put up
in small quantities and was a concen-
trated form of nutriment not much
less valuable in respect to its quality
of support than the pemmican which
was used almost down to our own
times.

Among all the older writers who had
much familiarity with the customs of
the Indians accounts are given of the
manufacture of sugar, and this custom
was so general that among many
tribes the month in which the sap ran
best was called the sugar month. By
the Iroquois the name Rattironaka,
meaning tree eaters, was applied to the
Algonquin tribes, and an eminent au-
thority, Dr. Brinton, has suggested
that they were probably "so called
from their love of the product of the
sugar maple." On the other hand,
A. F. Chamberlain has very plausibly
said "that it is hardly likely that the
Iroquois distinguished other tribes by
this term, if its origin be as suggested,
since they themselves were sugar mak-
ers and eaters."

A more probable origin of the word is
that given by Schoolcraft. In substance
as follows: "Rattironaka, whence Ad-
irondacks, was applied chiefly to the
Montagnais tribes, north of the St.
Lawrence, and was a derisive term in-
dicating a well known habit of these
tribes of eating the inner bark of trees
in winter when food was scarce or
when on war excursions."

This habit of eating the inner bark of
trees was, as is well known, common
to many tribes of Indians, both those
who inhabit the country where the sug-
ar maple grows and also those in other
parts of the country where the maple
is unknown.

On the western prairies sugar was
made also from the box elder, which
trees were tapped by the Indians and
the sap boiled down for sugar, and to-
day the Cheyenne Indians tell us that
it was from this tree that they derived
all the sugar that they had until the
arrival of the white man on the plains
something more than 50 years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in
many tribes today the word for sugar
is precisely the word which they ap-
plied to the product of the maple tree
before they knew the white man's sug-
ar. It is interesting also to see that
among many tribes the general term
for sugar means wood or tree water—
that is to say, tree sap. This is true of
the Omahas and Pawnees, according to
J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas,
Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscara-
ra and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on
the other hand, call it box elder water.

A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with
great care into the question of the
meaning of the words which designate
the maple tree and its product, is dis-
posed to believe that the name of the
maple means the tree—in other words,
the real or actual tree or the tree which
stands above all others—Forest and
Stream.

Gaudy Acoustics.
"How are the acoustics of that thea-
ter?"
"The what?"
"Acoustic properties."
"Oh, ah, yes; the acoustic prop-
erties. Why, it struck me that they were
rather gaudy."—Exchange.

Usually the Case.
Little Waldo—Papa, what is a li-
brary?
Mr. Reeder—A library, my son, is a
large number of books which a man
loans to friends.—Harper's Bazar.

Tea was cultivated in China 2,700
years before the Christian era and in
that country was first used as a bever-
age.

The
12-Acre
Store.

NEW JERSEY'S TWELVE ACRE STORE.

The
HAHNE & CO.
The

Broad, New and Halsey Streets, Newark.

The
12-Acre
Store.

Full Range of Style-Made Garments

An Acre of Costumes for Ladies, Young Girls and Children. The biggest and hand-
somest display in the State. Note this Sample Value:

Women's and Misses' New Spring Suits in Cheviots and Venetians in black, blue and brown, includ-
ing fancy mixtures, New Eton or blouse effect, with or without capes, pretty shape skirt, dress or walking length, 10.00 and 12.50

BEST AND MOST POPULAR MILLINERY.

The talk of New Jersey is about our
extremely popular \$4.75 Trimmed Hat.

On the wearer's head a \$4.75 Hat looks
to be worth every penny of \$10.00. Other

stores cannot reproduce them for the
same money 4.75

Elegant Trimmed Hats, 7.95, 9.75, 12.50. Also as high as 45.00.

Under-Price Shoe Corner.

We have placed \$5,000 worth of Fine Shoes in a pocket of our Second Floor, near the up-
town elevator. Here we sell at the Smallest Prices Newark ever saw for Good, Reliable and
Stylish Shoes for Women, Misses and Children. Quality and economy, grace and comfort are in
every pair. A partial list of goods is here for perusal.

Women's Shoes at 1.59.

Kidskin Shoes of fine quality
patent leather tips, in button and
lace, good 2.00 value.

Women's Shoes at 1.29

Black Kidskin Boots, machine
sewed, oak tanned leather soles,
dainty in appearance, durable in
service, selling regularly at 1.50
a pair.

Women's Shoes at 1.00

Dongola kidskin, in button
and lace, pretty toe shapes, all
sizes, in broader widths, splendid
value at 1.25 a pair.

Women's Juliet Slippers, 1.29

Opera toes with patent leather
tips and plain toes with broad
effect, turned soles, nicely made
and finished, worth 1.50.

Women's 2-Strap Sandals, 79c

Patent Leather and Vici Kid
Sandals, turned soles with medi-
um height leather heels, regular
price 1.00.

Women's Oxford Ties, 1.00

Patent Leather and Kidskin
Oxford Ties of good quality and
worth 1.25 and 1.50 a pair.

Girls' Shoes at 1.00

Spring heels in lace and but-
ton, well made on stylish lasts,
sold regularly at 1.25; sizes 11 1/2
to 2.

Little Girls' Shoes at 85c

Kidskin of good quality, well
made in button and lacing styles,
good value at the regular prices
of 1.00 and 1.15 a pair; sizes 6
to 11.

Boys' Shoes at 1.00

Small boys' shoes, with spring
heels, made of plump vici kid
and satin calfskin, sizes 10 to
13 1/2, worth 1.25.

Boys' Shoes at 1.29

Heavy lace shoes with heels,
good satin calfskin vamps, dong-
ola kid tops, these soles are
made to stand hard wear, regular
values 1.50 and 1.75, sizes 13 to
5 1/2.

Infants' Shoes at 50c

Patent leather vamps and dull
kid tops and dongola kid with
patent leather tips, soft flexible
soles, regular price 69c; all sizes.

Infants' Shoes at 79c

Patent leather vamps with
light spring heels, pretty dress
shoes, good value at the regular
price, 1.00 pair; sizes 5 to 8.

HAHNE & CO. NEWARK, N. J. HAHNE & CO.

MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEWARK, N. J.

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
PRESIDENT.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1,
1904.....\$87,458,869 12
LIABILITIES.....80,748,046 91
SURPLUS.....6,710,842 21

Mutual Benefit Policies

CONTAIN

Special and Peculiar Advantages
Which are not combined in the policies
of any other Company.

Stephen S. Day,
District Agent

776 Broad St., Newark.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving

A supply of Dock-steps, Window-sills and
Gaps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE.

NEAR D. L. & W. R. E. Daez.
RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

A LARGE PORTRAIT

On your parlor wall—
Will make it
Agreeable for all!

IF MADE BY

VOLLMER,

Bloomfield Centre Studio.

H. Snyder & Son.

The only Reliable House in town where
you can buy the

BEST BRANDS OF

Wines

—AND—

Liquors.

Rock and Rye, 50c bot.
Crystallized Rock & Rye, 75c "
Monogram Whiskey, 75c "
Hunter's, Wilson's, Old
Crow, DeWares, 1.00 "
All Orders Promptly Delivered

H. Snyder & Son,

279 Glenwood Avenue,
Phone 83-S. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

GEORGE SCHERER'S
Barber Shop

296 GLENWOOD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Best Equipped Tonsorial
Establishment in Town.

Sanitary Laws Strictly Complied
With.

Sterilized Cap, Razor and Hair Brush
Used on Each Customer.

RAZORS GROUND AND HONED.

Children's Hair Cutting
a Specialty.

Chas. W. Martin,

WHOLESALE
and RETAIL

GROCE.

SPECIALTIES:

Choice Teas and Coffees.

CREAMERY AND

DAIRY

BUTTER.

Telephone No. 90-S.